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A True Coppy of

MOTHER SHIPTONS

LAST

PROPHESIES:

As they were taken from one

JOANE WALLER,

In the Year of our Lord, 1625.

Who Died in March laſt, 1641. being ninety foure yeares of age.

Of whom *Mother Shipton* had Propheſied, that ſhe ſhould live to heare of Wars within this Kingdome but not to ſee them.

Alſo predicting other wonderfull events that ſhould befall in this Clymate and in theſe times.

With two other ſtrange Propheſies thereunto Annexed.

All which were never Publiſhed before.

London, Printed for *L. V.* 1642.

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Shipton

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A Prophecy found in the Alley of Saint Benedicts Abbey in Norfolk.

IF eighty eight be paſt, then thrive
Thou maiſt till forty foure or five.
After the Maid is dead, a Scot
Shall govern there: and if a Plot
Prevent him not, ſure then his ſway
Continue ſhall for many a day.
The Ninth ſhall dye, but then the Firſt
Perhaps ſhall reigne: but (oh) accurſt
Shall be the time, when as you ſee
To ſixteen ioyned thirty three:
For then the Eagle ſhall have helpe
By craft to catch the Lyons whelpe,
And hurt him ſore; except the ſame
Be cured by a Maidens name.
In July Moneth of the ſame Yeare
Saturne ſhall joyne with Jupiter.
Perhaps Falſe Prophets may ariſe,
And Mahomet ſhall play his prize:
But ſure much alteration
Shall happen in Religion.
Beleeve you this when as you ſee
A Spaniard a Proteſtant to be.

Another Propheſie.

OVt of the North ſhal come an hoaſt
Which ſhall invade the Brittiſh coaſt:
And it ſhall overſpread the Land,
And drive the King unto a ſtand,
And from the King ſhall take his life,
Yet ſhall it not offend his Wife.
For after he ſhall live again,
And then the tyrant ſhall be ſlain.
Out of the Eaſt ſhall come a Knight
Which ſhall Donzeldelphus height:
And he with good Rogero ſhield
Shal beat the Tyrant out of the Field,
And chaſe him out of Brittany
And drown the Tyrant in the Sea.

The Scots Propheſie.

ANglia te prodit tua Gens te qualibet odit,
Te circumfodeat Gens Scotia gallia ridit;
Wallia minatur, hiberniaque inſidiatur,
Pax imulata fluit, graviorque pœna paratur.

A Perfect Coppy of Mother Shiptons *laſt Propheſies.*

IN *Henry* the eighths time the King having made Cardinall *Wolſey* Biſhop of York, and he purpoſing to come and live in the North; Mother *Shipton* hearing of it replyed and ſaid, he muſt ſee York, but never come to it. King *Henry* and the Cardinall heard tell of her ſaying, and were very angry, and ſent three Lords down to ſee if ſhee would ſtand to her words; *viz.* *Lord Duke*, *Lord Percy*, and *Lord Darcy*, So they and their Men came down diſguiſed from London to Dring Houſes neer York. And left there their Men, and came to York themſelves to one Maſter *Beaſleys* Houſe in Coniſtreet in York late at night, and knocked at his dore and asked if Maſter *Beaſley* was within? who were anſwered, he was, and they requeſted to ſpeake with him, who forthwith came unto them, and they whiſpering in his eare, tould him he muſt go with them to *Shipton* Wives Houſe, which accordingly he did, and knocking at her Doore, ſhe ſaid, come in Maſter *Beaſley*, and thoſe three Honourable Lords with you; upon which words Maſter *Beaſley* would have put the Lords in firſt, and ſhee ſaid, no Maſter *Beaſley* come you in, you know the Houſe and they do not; then ſaid they one to another, this is a ſtrange thing, that ſhe ſhould know us and never ſaw us: So they came in, and there was a faire fire prepared, Maſter *Beaſley* ſaying, with your leave Mother *Shipton*, well come, quoth ſhe, ſo ſaid all the Lords in order; and ſhe ſaid, welcome my *Lord Duke*, welcome my *Lord Percy*, and welcome my *Lord Darcy*; ſit you here my *Lord Duke*, ſit you here my *Lord Percy*, and ſit you here my *Lord Darcy*,

and you M. *Beatty* sit here, for you are as one of the House, and when they all were set down, she bad her maid fetch some Ale, and goe to the Cribbert and bring short Cakes, (for she had prepared them before hand) and she did so, and they all did eat and drink thereof, and were very merry; then said my *Lord Duke*, Mother *Shipton*, if you knew what we were come about, you would not make us thus welcome? and she said, my *Lord Duke* the Messenger must neither be headed, nor hanged; but Mother *Shipton*, said the *Duke*, my *Lord Cardinall* saies you must be burned, for saying, he might see York, but never come into it: and when he coms to York, he purposeth to effect the same, and she answered him she did say so, and that he should see anon whether she might be burned or no: then she took a kercher which she had on her head, that had a yard of cloath in it, and spread it on her knee, and her head was as white as Wooll, and cast it upon the fire and let it lye thereon a great while, which not burning, she took her staffe and turned it over, and it would not burn: then tooke shee it out of the fire and shaked it, and put it on her head againe. Then my *Lord Duke* asked her what she meant by that? and she gave him answer and said, if this had burned I might have bin burnt, but because it doth not, I must not. Then said my *Lord Duke*, Mother *Shipton*, I understand you are a Woman of knowledge and judgement, tell me, what shall be the event of me? she answered him, my *Lord*, the time shall come when you will be in as low an estate and case as I am in, and in as mean an office, and that is both a mean one and a low one. Then required *Lord Percy* of her, what should become of him? my *Lord* (said she) shooe your horse in the quick, and you will do well enough, but if you do not, your body will be buried in Cruse-Church after you be beheaded on the Pavement in York, and your head will be stolne into France, and they laught, and said, that will be a great hop betwixt the head and the body. Then said my *Lord Darcy* (Mother *Shipton*)

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what must I do? who answered him, you my *Lord* who is going for warfare, God speed you well, you have made a great Gun, shoot it off in time, for it will come to passe, that you wil pyne many, but kill few: so they dranke and gave her mony and thanks, and returned to M. *Beaslyes* house, and the next morning posted to the Court, and declared their conference with her, which severall passages came to be incident to the severall parties. Presently afterwards the *Lord Cardinall* came to Cawood Castle neer York, and resided there three dayes and three nights, upon the third day the Crosse upon the top of the Castle fell downe, and sore hurt the Steward upon his head, *Lord Cardinall* being told thereof, replyed, I fear and doubt a greater crosse than this will follow. In the afternoon the *Cardinall* went up to the top of the Castle, and many Knights with him: and when he was at the top upon the Leads walking, he demanded of them where York stood, and they shewed it to him? and he demanded how many miles it was thither? and they told him seven miles, then, said he, that will be soone ridden, not past two houres work, I will go thither because yonder Witch said, I might see York but never come thither, and vowed he would burne not onely her, but also three Priests which were at Table with her, if when he came there they lacked their vestments. The Priests hearing telf thereof were sore affrighted, but she encouraged them, saying, content your selves, for if need require, you shall have twenty vestments, but his purpose will be altered. The night following, after supper, the *Lord Cardinall* fearing some evill towards him to approach, charged his house-hould and all his Officers, that no manner of person should that night more be suffered to come in, but immediately after the charge was passed, came *Lord Percy* and knocked at the Gates, importuning the Porter to let him in, who answered him, none could that night come in, for the *Cardinall* had charged him to suffer none to come in more then was in the house. Then *Lord Percy* changed his voice, pretending to be a neer kinsman and favourite to the

Cardinall,

Cardinall, and muſt needs ſpeak with him, ſo that the Porter let him in: and when the *Cardinall* ſaw *Lord Percy*, he cryed out, mercy *Lord Percy* I am no Traytor, if not ſaid *Lord Percy*, yet muſt you with ſpeed go with me to London, but before he came thither, for all the haſte by the way, he ended his life, and againſt Mother *Shipton* his threats were paſt. Then Mother *Shipton*, after the *Cardinall* had poyſoned himſelfe by the way, ſent to M. *Beaſley* and ſaid to him, M. *Beaſley* the *Cardinall* builded a goodly cloſet in the Minſter for him to ſit in, with pillers of Silver and Gold, with Pearles and rich ſtones enamelled, go and pull down one or two of them, and preſent them to King *Henry*, which accordingly he did, and was made in recompence thereof, an officer to the King, and the reſt the King cauſed to be taken down.

Shortly after, Miſtris *Beaſley* in her Husbands abſence, and when he was at the Court, being deſirous to hear the event of future times, ſeeing her former preſages came to paſſe, and what good ſucceſſe her husband had in following her councel, asked her, ſaying, Mother *Shipton* tell me ſomething that is yet to come, then ſhe ſaid, Miſtris *Beaſly*, it ſhall come to paſſe, that Ouzebridge and Trinity Church ſhall meet, for the Bridge ſhall fall, and they ſhall build it againe on the day, and it ſhall fall on the night, untill the higheſt ſtone of Trinity Church be made the loweſt ſtone of Ouzebridge.

After this you ſhall have a yeare of pennury and hunger, death without any dread, and dearth without any need.

In proceſſe of time ſhall be ſeen
A noble King and vertuous Queen,
Out of Scotland they ſhall come,
And ſhall enjoy this Crown alone.

The firſt comming of the King into York ſhall be at Bowdon Bar, which ſhall be privately, the next time when he comes to be knowne, he will come through Holgate Towne, and not through Holgate Lane, and when his head ſhall be at London Bridge, his taile ſhall be at Edenbrough.

And

And it will come to paſſe that water will run over Ouzebridge (and laughing ſaid) every Cuckold will have an Oke tree at his dore, and that there ſhould be a Winde-Mill upon one of the Towers in York, and that day men and women will weare great Bands and Hats like ſcuttles; and after that, rayles. And when there is a *Lord Mayor* on the back ſide of the Minſter in York, let him take heed of a ſtab with a knife.

Alſo there will be two Knights that will fall out in the Caſtle yard at York, which never will be kind again while they live.

Two Judges ſhall go twice in and out at Walme-gate-bar,

And when Coulton-Hag hath born ſeven years Corn,
You ſhall not know of warefare at night, and have it at morn.

Then in the 7th year after it wil begin
And be noyſome to the King.
When warfare begins at a Spring
Much care to England it will bring:
Then will the North rue it wondrous
But the South for evermore.

Hares ſhall kindle upon the cold ſtone,
And lads ſhal wed ladies & bring them (ſore
Then ſhal the ladies cry wel away (home
That we were born to ſee this day.
The wel wil be they that have the leaſt
And woe to them that have the moſt.

For a hill and a dale will be worth eight Oxen and a Plough, and ten pound in Mony worth ten pound *Per Annum* in Land.

And when it coms it will laſt three years before it ceaſe.

Betwixt Calder and Ayre
It will be long Faire:
When all the World is aloſt,
It ſhall be called Chriſt-croſt.

And thoſe that goes unto the Plain,
Shall few of them return again.
At that day ſhall England quake,
For the voice of a dead Man ſhall be heard ſpeake,

The firſt main battel of this ſhal begin
Where crook-back Richard *his battell did win.*

And the Dragon ſhall give the Bull a ſneape.

After this the enemy ſhall advance to London, then (ſaid ſhe) weladay for London, for deſtruction will come upon it for evermore. After that, there will be a great battel, and they will be pacified for a while, but afterwards will return to Stockton-Moore neer York, where will be a ſore battell; then will the Raven ſit upon the Croſſe, and ſuck as much of the Nobilities blood as the Comminalties; and then there will come thither a Woman with one eye, and tread over many a Man in blood to the knee, until ſhe come to a Man leaning upon a reſt, and ſhall ſay unto him, who

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art thou? and he shall say, *I am the King of the Scots*, she shall wish him to go to her House, and he will go: and there will be three Knights in her House, and all of them will stay three dayes and three nights with her, and one shall not know of another. Soone after shall England be won and lost twice of a day; they will cry in the forenoone, *England is lost*, and in the afternoone, *It is won*, for Clubs and clouted shooes will get the day. There will be against these times a Lord Mayor of *York* chosen out of course: and three Knights one not knowing of another shall be in Peter-gate in *Yorke*; and a Lad borne in Pontetract with three thumbs shall hould these three Knights Horses uutill the battell be won. Then will all the Noble blood of England be gone, except one; and he will be carried to Sheriffe *Huttons* Castle on Horse-back, and there will dye; Then will they make an Earle in the Field, hanging their Horses on a Thorne, and ruing the time that they were borne, to see so much blood shed: Then will they come to *York* and set upon it, and it will keep them out three daies and three nights: and a penny loafe within the Bar will be at halfe a Crown, and without the Bar at a Penny, and harder to get with them without, then within, for the scarcity of mony. Then will the Enemy sweare, if so they will not let them in, they will blow up the Wals and the Towne, and they will be let in; and there will go to Cruse-Church three Knights or Earles, and there shall but one come out againe; and he will make Proclamation through the City, That whosoever will take away Houses, Manners, Towers or Bowers, to come and possesse them for one and twenty yeares: then for evermore in England there shall be no more warefare; then shall *York* be as *London*.

Then shall it be, that one Woman shall say to another, come Mother I saw a Man to day; which will be joy to a Woman to see, for for one Man there will be a thousand Women, then will there be a White Harvest, and Corne gotten in all with Women. Then shall an Old Man sit on Saint *James* Kirk hill weeping his fill,

And King or queen shall there be none,
But Lords to Rule this Realm alone.

When these things are come to passe a ship shal come floting on Thames, untill it come against *London*, then shall the Master therof begin to weep, and his Men shall say, *Master, why weep you and we have had so good a Voyage?* for that will he say, *I have seen here the goodliest City in the World, and now I feare there is none to give us drink for our Money.*

After *Nevill* with the Childs voice be fled out of England, he shall kill the Great Turk, when this Child is in *Yorke* you shall have a Lord Mayor dwelling at the grate head neer the pavement, he shall be forst to fly out at his back dore to save his life; and the two Sheriffs of *York* that shall be then, shall be both one Sir-Nam?

FINIS.